

## Paula Cole "Suwannee Jo"

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Idiot Kitty to New York City  
Living in a kennel and lookin' big and pretty  
Meet the munch for business lunch  
But your feet bleed under the table

But Suwannee Jo, you're dark and slow  
You dance with a broom and you're filled with ghosts  
You smell like liquor and you're high as a hawk  
You laugh to yourself but you talk like a rock

Scaredy Kate, back in the Haight  
Doesn't answer the phone and eats like a tapeworm  
She met Mr. Mike in '89  
But she's a hundred pounds heavier and won't go  
outside

But Suwannee Jo, you're dark and slow  
You dance with a broom and you're filled with ghosts  
Suwannee Jo, strange beautiful gold  
You can take a woman's husband but you don't want to  
marry him  
You just want to hold him

Nora Mable, behind your table  
Expensive knowledge from ten years of college  
But when it comes to livin', the book isn't written  
Your brain's under 'M', in the library missing

Suwannee Jo, you follow your soul  
Nothing more important than following your soul

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